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AND SOME OF HER FRIENDS

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AND SOME OF HER FRIENDS



THE TOASTS AND RESPONSES

AT A COMPLIMENTARY DINNER GIVEN BY WALTER S. LOGAN, AT THE MARINE

AND FIELD CLUB, BATH BEACH, N. Y., TUESDAY, JULY 28TH, 1891

TO

HON. JOHN N. IRWIN

GOVERNOR OF ARIZONA

AND

HERBERT H. LOGAN

OF PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Speakers

- WALTER S. LOGAN, "The State-Makers."
Of New York.
- HON. JOHN N. IRWIN, "Arizona."
Governor of Arizona.
- HERBERT H. LOGAN, "Irrigation."
Of Phoenix, Arizona.
- HON. JOSEPH C. HENDRIX, . "The West as an Easterner looks at it."
Of Brooklyn, N. Y.
- HON. J. DEBARTH SHORB, . . . "Arizona's Elder Sister."
Of California.
- ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY, . . . "Irrigation and the Press."
Of Brooklyn, N. Y.
- HON. THOMAS M. WALLER,
Governor of Connecticut
- HORACE E. DEMING, . . . "The Lawyer as a Business Man."
Of New York
- LINDLEY VINTON, "The Mines of the West."
Of New York.
- HON. JOHN DEWITT WARNER, . "Legislation for the Territories."
Of New York.
- SALTER S. CLARK, "Promoting as a Fine Art."
Of New York.
- CHARLES N. JUDSON, "Bear Valley."
Of Brooklyn, N. Y.
- PROF. G. A. TREADWELL, . . . "The Gila Monster."
Of New York.

(Owing to the lateness of the hour, several of the speakers were not called upon, but have kindly furnished their intended replies to the toasts.)



“ THE STATE-MAKERS.”

BY

WALTER S. LOGAN.

The Children of Israel found it simple enough to make bricks as long as they had free raw material. It was only when the supplies of straw were cut off, and they were required to make something out of nothing, that they complained so bitterly of their lot.

It has been easy enough to found new States where a country and a people have been furnished ready-made for that purpose. In the old world and in the new, in ancient and in modern times, it has been often and successfully done.

But the problem before the pioneers who undertook to settle our far Western country, to establish a civilization, and rear the structures of new States for the American Union in that then remote and inaccessible region, was a very different one. The settlement of the prairies and of the Mississippi Valley had been easy enough. The land was already there, and it was a land upon which nature had smiled abundantly. It was necessary only to find the people and to mould them into the requisite social and political organizations; and the people came only too gladly—some from the older-settled portions of our nation, and more yet from Ireland, Germany, England, France, Italy, Scandinavia, from the shores of Europe everywhere, and from all the fountain-heads of civilization. But when our State-makers passed beyond the influence of the moisture-laden breezes of the Atlantic and approached the Eastern base of the Rockies, and from there on, almost until the spray of the Pacific touched them; when they came into the region where the rain descended with like impartiality, neither upon the just nor the unjust; when they reached the mountain and the desert; a much more difficult task awaited them—they were furnished with neither country nor people. Like the Children of Israel, their bricks had to be made entirely *without*

straw. Here was more than one-third of our whole national domain in which the Almighty seemed never to have finished His work. It was a part of the earth's surface, and that was about all that could be said of it. (Laughter.) So far as capacity to produce and sustain life was concerned, as it then stood, it was little better than so much of the blue sky of heaven. They had not only to find people for their States, but to create the very land itself.

There is no other race than ours that would have dared to undertake this task or tried to solve this problem. There is no other nation than ours where it would have been possible. There are no other institutions than ours under which it could have been done. But the State-makers of the far West were men undaunted by difficulties, fearless of danger, and fertile in resources. The wild beast roamed over this inhospitable country; they slew him. The wilder and fiercer Indian was there; they converted him, (laughter)—sometimes alive, oftener dead. The land was remote from civilization, inaccessible to markets, cut off from the world; they built railroads through the mountain passes, and, where necessary, over their very summits. It was a desert with a rainfall totally insufficient to produce any useful vegetation; they penned up the streams in the mountains, and led them out over the valleys and the bottoms; they bored their wells into the earth, and sometimes even pumped from the seas, the bays and the rivers, and thus, where nature had failed to furnish water from above, they obtained it from below; and in ways like these they have made, and are making a large part of Colorado, California, New Mexico and Arizona, and almost the whole of the valleys of the Rio Grande, the Colorado, the Gila and the Salt rivers, the most fertile and productive land and the most charming country to live in upon the face of the earth. Where it was too high, too barren or too rugged to irrigate, they dug into the mountains and uncovered the boundless stores of gold and silver and copper and all the precious things of the earth that had been there hidden since the world began. And now, having shown how the desert will blossom, having got *land-making* well under way, and having disclosed the wealth that the earth has in its bowels as well as on its surface, they call for people, and the work of State-making in the mountain and the desert goes vigorously on.

And the people are coming, and a better class of people than are now settling up these desert regions could not be found. When men such as we have here to-night—men like Gov. Irwin and Mr. Shorb and Hine and Hatch and that wayward brother of mine, who will be one of the speakers to follow me—picture the charms of the country they have literally made, and ask for people to inhabit it, they are sure to get a most satisfactory response; and our brick-makers without straw, and State-makers with neither land nor people, are succeeding far beyond what, twenty years ago, the most pronounced optimist, in his wildest dreams, would have dared to predict. (Applause.)

My own share in this great work has been a very modest one, but it is the *work* and not the *man* that is modest, (laughter,) and I don't want to have you lose sight of what even I have done.

It is now ten years since first I looked upon Arizona (and in the career of these energetic State-makers of ours, ten years is a long time). It was before Irwin or Hatch or Hine or even that brother of mine had ever heard of it, unless possibly they had read in their geographies that there was, somewhere between Colorado and California, an unexplored and probably unexplorable region which had come to be called Arizona because they were short of names and didn't have any other to give it. (Laughter.) It was before Shorb and his compatriots had made Southern California the fruit-producing country of the world, and it was before Cowing and Stebbins and Barnes and Bleecker and Sanderson and Mallett and Rait and Wreaks and a lot of other good fellows had created the Marine and Field Club, (laughter,) the best place on earth in which to entertain distinguished guests from the arid West. (Applause.)

I think I am entitled to be called a pioneer in Arizona. I am ahead of everybody here except Treadwell; and I probably should have found the Gila Monster myself if Treadwell had been half as modest as he should have been, and not wanted the whole earth in the way of scientific discovery.

It was in the (to me) memorable month of May, 1882, when in company with Frederick A. Tritle, then Governor of Arizona, and as good a fellow as he was a great Governor [Arizona has a habit of getting good fellows for Governors (applause)], and with Clark Churchill, then the

Attorney General of the Territory, and the best lawyer within a thousand miles of it, and with other men of the sort, that I rode up and down the whole length of the Salt River valley, over the line on which has since been constructed the great Arizona Canal, and saw, every now and then, under the small ditches already built, their orchards and their gardens, their fields and their storehouses, and all that Arizona even then, in the earliest dawn of her renewed youth and with her very limited development, could produce in such prodigal profusion. It was a little later that Churchill and I formulated the economic plan under which it became possible to build irrigating canals in Arizona with outside capital, as an investment for profit, and organized the Arizona Canal Company to begin the work; and it was clients of mine in the East and friends of William J. Murphy in the West who furnished the money to build it, and made three hundred per cent. on their investment.

But that isn't all the title I have to Arizona's gratitude. I wasn't able to follow exactly in the steps of Abraham and sacrifice my son as he proposed to sacrifice his, for I hadn't a son old enough to sacrifice, and he hadn't a mother who would have let me do it if he had been; (laughter,) but I had a brother, (laughter,) and I sent him forth from his home, from his kindred and from his country, out among the Arkansas rangers, the Apaches, the Gila Monsters and the rattlesnakes, to take his chance in the survival of the fittest (laughter); and unless you Arizona men have lied to me most atrociously about him, I did a tolerably good thing for the territory when I sent him there. They tell me that his disease is Irrigation on the Brain, and that he has been so successful in reclaiming deserts in this world that if I am not careful he will be on here some day with a plan for irrigating Hell, and upset the whole scheme of orthodox Christianity by making the devil's kingdom the more attractive of the two. (Laughter and applause.)

But after all, you State-makers of the desert, you needn't be so awfully proud. It really isn't new States you are making: you are only patterning after men who did just what you are doing, who lived and died, who irrigated and cultivated, who built temples and cities, and who founded a civilization and were exterminated from the face of the earth probably before the first pyramid of Egypt had ever been thought of.

Some years ago, when the great and only Tittle was governor of Arizona, he came East and visited his native Massachusetts, and they gave him a dinner in Boston. Boston knows how to give a dinner, and Tittle knew how to take one. They didn't have any Marine and Field Club there, but they had Parker's. They didn't have Irwin to make a speech, but Tittle could make one almost as good. They didn't have Deshon, and Shorb, and Hale, and Hendrix, and Waller, and McKelway, and the other good fellows that we have here to-night, but they had Bullock who was then Governor there, and he was a host in himself.

The first toast of the evening came round. It was, "The Governor of the Oldest Commonwealth to the Youngest," Gov. Bullock to respond. Tittle was a man who never got left, and while Bullock was fussing with his spectacles Tittle himself rose to respond, and in a very charming manner and in the most felicitous language he thanked the grave, reverend and astonished Bostonians for the honor they had done Arizona in calling on him as the representative of the oldest Commonwealth of the nation to welcome the Governor of the young State of Massachusetts; and then he showed how Arizona had a population, a civilization, a government and a Statehood long before even the first wild Indian roamed through the bleak forests of New England. (Laughter and applause.)

And Tittle was right. As you know, men of science are coming more and more to give credit to the story of Atlantis. It is supposed that a body of land once extended east from Mexico and Central America far over toward the coast of Africa, and that by some operation of nature it has been sunk below the waves. This was the fabled Atlantis; and there is a good deal to support the theory that the birthplace of the human race was either somewhere about Yucatan, a thousand miles or so south of Arizona, or, more likely, on Atlantis itself; and that civilization went from there to Egypt on the east, and on the north to Arizona and New Mexico, first, and afterwards to our Mississippi valley, where the mound-builders have left such abundant record of their existence. But whether we accept the story of Atlantis or not, whether civilization on our continent is older or younger than in Egypt, India and Asia Minor, it is quite probable—I think I may say, in view of the most recent discoveries, it is certain—that the first civilization within the present limits

of the United States was in the valleys of the Rio Grande and the Gila ; and Massachusetts and New York are really but puny infants by the side of hoary-headed Arizona. (Applause.) And not only was the civilization of the Gila Valley most ancient in the time, but the ruins which we find of temples and cities, of irrigating systems and of works of art, show that it was a civilization of a very high order ; and you irrigators of 1891, who are boasting that you are reclaiming deserts and making gardens where God made only waste places, are simply doing over again that which these men who perished long before the dawn of the earliest Aztec, or even of the still more remote Toltec, civilization on this continent did almost as well as you.

Will your State perish as theirs did ? I think not. I have confidence enough in your State-making to believe that it will last, that it will last as long as our planet lasts, and that you are building for all time. You have what those who went before you could not have. You have the advantage of all that the world has learned and all that the world has done from their time to yours. You may build your canals on the same lines on which they built theirs ; you may use the world-famed adobe, as they did, as the material for your structures ; you may raise the same crops from the same soil and with the same methods of irrigation, but the most important part of a State is not its railways or its canals, its buildings or its systems of irrigation, its temples or its cities—it is *its people*. (Applause.) The State which is to last must be built upon knowledge and upon character ; and the blood that flows in the veins of the people whom you are summoning from all parts of the civilized earth to your valleys and your mountains has been purified and ennobled by hundreds of the generations who have passed away and left their mark behind since the time of these ancient mound-builders ; and the brain and the nervous system of your people have been clarified and evolved, not only by the knowledge which they themselves have acquired, but still more by that which they have inherited from the acquirements of their ancestors during untold centuries.

At the beginning I compared you to the Children of Israel, who had to make bricks without straw. Perhaps I was inaccurate. Your land, it is true, was a desert which, as it stood, would produce nothing,

but you had your Rio Grande, your Gila and your Colorado, mighty and noble rivers, which, like the Nile, carried untold wealth in their waters ; and you had a world of a far wider knowledge and a far more extended civilization than the world of old from which to draw the men and the women with whom you were to people the States that you were building. It is stricter truth to say that you are entitled to the gratitude of mankind, not because you *made* the straw but because you *found* it—because you led the way and discovered how to use the wealth of these waters for the benefit of this modern world, and to draw to your land the culture and intelligence of the people who are coming in answer to your call. I don't know as that modification detracts at all from your honor or your glory.

We are proud of you, Brother State-makers, and bid you Godspeed in your great work ; and I assure you whenever it becomes necessary, in order to carry out your plans for the reclamation of the American Desert, that the Marine and Field Club should give another dinner to the Governor of Arizona or to any other fellow like him, we are willing to sacrifice ourselves on the altar of our country, even though the Steward does compel us to confine our libations strictly to American wines. (Laughter and applause.)





“ARIZONA.”

BY

HON. JOHN N. IRWIN.

I regret that some one more able than I has not been asked to respond to the toast of Arizona.

About the year 1846, in the United States Senate, in a debate precedent to the admission of Iowa into the Union as a State, some of that great body asked that the western line of Iowa be drawn north and south through a point about where the town of Red Oak, Montgomery County, Iowa, now stands; the basis for their argument being that west of this imaginary line was a desert. At the Centennial Exposition in 1876, a boring of earth from Red Oak, Iowa, was awarded the premium as the most fertile soil on exhibition there; and yet this boring was taken from what a great number of the members of the United States Senate supposed was a desert. I speak of this not to hold up the United States Senate as to what it did not know, but to show you how intelligent people can be, and are, mistaken regarding countries of which they have only a superficial knowledge. It is a fair question to ask me, when I stand here advocating the fertility of Arizona, why this fertile soil is not maintaining its hundreds of thousands. The question is just, but when I say to you that the American people now ride in Wagner and Pullman Palace Cars, only; that the day of the stage-coach and the ox-team is passed; that our people are more dainty than their grandfathers; and when I say to you in this connection, that Arizona is greater in extent than all of New England, with all of New York combined, and has only 1100 miles of railroad, you knowing this, and knowing the luxurious habit of the American people, will quickly understand why the sons of America remain in New York, in Chicago and in Boston, rather than encounter the roughness of the desert.

We are told that Arizona is the land of the desert, the cacti, the rattlesnake, the gila monster, and the Apache Indian. This is true, we have them all, and yet the smallest county in Arizona could contain within its capacious borders the largest ten counties known in the State of New York, and a man could be a resident of any part of Arizona from his cradle to his grave and never see a poisonous reptile any oftener than if his life was spent on Manhattan Island. (Laughter.) The Indian is there, but he is on the reservation provided for him by the Government, and is, on the whole, fairly kept within its lines. Sometimes he breaks out and becomes what is known as a Mug-Wump. The Indian who leaves the reservation is the original Mug-Wump. (Great laughter and applause.) It is the Mug-Wump Indian that causes us all the trouble. (Laughter.) To the miner, prospector, rancher, life is just as safe as it is here in the State of New York. I venture the assertion, knowing that what I say will be deemed a strong statement, with the possibility that what I say may be accused by gentlemen here in the East of having a tinge of the irresponsible and the untrue,—yet I make the statement in its broadest and strongest meaning, that life in the Territory of Arizona, in its towns, its villages, and its farm life, is safer to-day than life in the City of New York. With our population, speaking in its comparative sense, the Territory of Arizona, despite the fact that you consider it beyond the borders of civilization, has to-day a smaller percentage of its population in the penitentiary than the State of New York. The gila monster, the rattlesnake, the centipede, the tarantula and other reptiles that are used in fun, in fiction, and in earnest, by the *Arizona Kicker* and other Eastern papers, to frighten away the settler from that country, are as much of a jest among the real settlers of Arizona as is the sea-serpent to the real sailor going out from the port of New York. The life that can be led, and is led, by the American man and woman, by the American family, in Arizona, in its mountains, or in its valleys, is just as pure, just as sweet, as is the life of any American family living in New York or New England.

Arizona is as large as are New England and the State of New York combined. Imagine this great extent of territory in a compact state; 500 miles north and south; over 400 miles east and west, having only 1100 miles of railroad within its borders. It is this fact, this want of

transportation facilities that makes the Territory of Arizona to-day the least known of all the possessions of the United States. The American of to-day has lost the habit of his grandfather. He is not now the frontiersman; he believes in the axminster carpet, the electric light, the service and the servant of our so-called modern civilization. That is the reason why you know so little of Arizona. The race of Daniel Boone and of Crocket has changed. Not but what it is the same all-conquering and robber race, but it does its robbing in the great offices of the world, of England and America, or from the elegance of a parlor car, instead of at the muzzle of the old-fashioned rifle. Were it not for these facts Arizona to-day would have a population of 1,000,000 people, as it will have fifty years from now. Like the good old Methodist preacher that follows the circuit rider of the trail-wagon, so does the hardy pioneer of the west follow and settle up the coming countries of the frontier, while the missionaries of Wall Street follow on the trail of the Pullman car. (Laughter.)

I will tell you what we have: In the first place, there is not a mountain in Arizona that does not contain the precious metal. From Mohave, Yavapai and Coconino in the north, down to Pinal, Yuma, Pima and Cochise in the south, a belt of gold and silver runs, richer by far than ever found in the mines of the fabled Ormus, or of Ind. The traveller is never out of sight of a mountain in Arizona; and in those great hills, with proper transportation facilities, we have the gold, the silver and the copper that would pave the streets of Manhattan Island from curb to curb. (Applause.)

It is terrible that all the gentlemen within the sound of my voice to-night do not believe in silver, as it is believed in on the Pacific Slope; but I merely throw this remark out as a passing suggestion; that, as all men east and west are perfectly willing to make the Legislature control the price of what they raise, therefore, is it singular that I, coming from the mountains, streaked upon their sides with gold, and silver, and copper, should ask that at least proper legislation would only be fair for the man who, by the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow, pours into your coffers here the white metal of commerce. But, outside of the domain of the law-maker, the fact still remains, that within the borders of Arizona have existed, and still exist, the greatest mines known in the

history of the world. From a plot of God's-acre in that territory, 1,500 feet long and 600 feet wide, has come gold and silver enough to buy your Central Park; and to-day, in that broad land, are being worked mines that you never heard of—which are never quoted on the Stock Market—that net their owners an income ranging from \$5,000 to \$50,000 per annum, and yet these mines are touched only. We have within our borders in the development of our mining industry, room for the work and maintenance of over a half-million of our people.

The cattle and sheep industry, it is possible that some of you gentlemen here know something about. What would you think when I tell you that I know of one corporation—and I use the word corporation in its most tender sense, and speak of it lovingly, because I fear some of you here might take offense at the word (laughter,)—controls over 1,000,000 acres of land, upon which are fed 50,000 cattle. This is simply a specimen, and a small specimen it may be, of the cattle farms in Arizona. There is no place in the United States, or in the world, where sheep are so free from disease of any kind as in Arizona. This fact is being recognized; when I say to you that for the first time, in 1891, in that remote country, from one little valley and one railroad station, \$100,000 was paid out for wool the first year that the sheep were driven into that valley. On its mountains, in its plains, the herds of all America could live and thrive.

We come now to another matter: It is not hard to make you believe our stories of its mines and its cattle, but when I come to tell you, especially those of you who have traversed the territory on the Atlantic & Pacific, or Southern Pacific Railroads, that every acre you saw from the car windows of the so-called desert, where nothing grew but the cactus, the chuhua, or the mesquite, would produce, with water only, crops of grain and fruit that would reach a greater average per acre than the most fertile soil of the most fertile part of the United States; when I tell you that in the valley of the Santa Cruz and the Salt River crops of wheat and of barley have been raised by the Indians for a time that runs back beyond the memory even of a tradition, and never one pound of fertilizer has been put upon this soil; you may be able possibly, to comprehend its richness and fertility. (Applause.)

The climate of Arizona is especially adapted to the raising of fruit. The citrus belt of the south, situated inland over 500 to 800 miles from the sea, away from the frost, is to-day unequaled, and the trouble experienced in the orange belts of Florida and the slight frosts felt in southern California are to us unknown. The climate of Arizona produces the apricot, the peach, the fig, and the pear, ripened and ready for market at least three weeks earlier than they mature in the garden spots of Southern California. As to the culture of the orange and lemon, the lime and the olive, land superior far can be bought in Arizona at from \$25 to \$30 per acre to those that are now bringing in California from \$250 to \$500 per acre. In other words, the valley of the Salt and the valley of the Gila can lay down an orange at your breakfast-table in New York, four weeks earlier than can the famed Riverside of Southern California.

I have been asked since my arrival in New York, why we build our houses of adobe when we claim to have so much timber. In one compact mass, over 200 miles long and over 50 miles wide in the Mogollon Mountains, we have a forest of timber taller by far than the tallest masts that ever come sailing into New York harbor, bearing their freights from the marts of the world, and yet, in all our valleys and with all this timber almost in sight, we have to pay \$40 per thousand for rough lumber. This fact alone should appeal to you and to the capitalists of this country to give us facilities for transportation.

In a few short words let us sum it up: I have lived on the banks of the Mississippi River and seen daily and nightly that great mass of water bear down upon its bosom from St. Paul to New Orleans, the traffic and commerce of an Empire; I have travelled over New England, over what is known as the Middle States; I have seen the pine trees of Maine hold their silent and solemn vigil; I have traversed the prairies of the great West, where the tall grass and waving wheat and tasseled corn holds watch and ward over the granaries of the Nation; I have seen the cotton and the sugar fields of the south; and yet I say to you, gentlemen, here to-night, in all earnestness, in all that goes to make truth sacred between gentleman and gentleman, that the valleys of Arizona can produce more to the acre, will be more fruitful to the owner of the soil, and will yield

him a larger income per acre, than any other land that rests under the Stars and Stripes, or listens to the drum-beat of Uncle Sam's domain. (Applause.)

It is hardly fair for me to close without alluding to the glorious climate of our Territory. I have seen on the streets of Phoenix in the middle of January, the inhabitants dressed in what is called summer apparel; the warmth of the noon-day sun comparing favorably to a beautiful June day on Manhattan Island; the windows up, the doors open, and nature in its Spring costume. The sanitary conditions are of the very best. It is the home of the invalid. We are far ahead of Old Mortality, and the hand of that great destroyer rarely visits our domain. During the building of the great Arizona Canal, with which our host, Mr. Logan, was for long so successfully connected, there were employed during the two years nearly 4,000 laborers. Death occurred but twice among them.

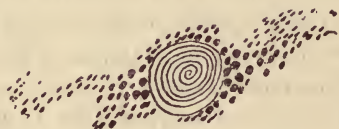
I am told that you, gentlemen, here in New York sometimes visit the groves of Monte Carlo. Before crossing the three thousand miles of the ocean to play roulette at Monte Carlo or the illusive baccarat at Tranby Croft, come out to Arizona, where I will guarantee you certain immunity from Yuma, (laughter,) and will show you men who will make you bigger bets, and will lose or win with a more impassive face than any that you ever saw outside of Trinity churchyard.

There was a man who lived in New York at one time, of great renown in the literary world, who pictured, unknown to himself, the future of the West. Recognize him if you can. You here, on the Atlantic coast, have builded almost to your full fruition. We are in our infancy. Here in the East rise casement and monumental pile, column and architrave, dome and lofty tower. But in its nest upon the earth, unseen and little heard, sits the lowly lark waiting to bear its song up to the sun. Slowly the fabric of the great grows on, and at last is finished, and the cloud-piercing spire is burnished with gold. Then up springs the forgotten lark, with airy wheel to the pinnacle, and, standing poised and unwondering on his giddy perch, pours out his celestial music till his bright footing trembles with harmony. And when his song is done, and mounting thus he soars aloft to fill his exhausted heart at the foun-

tains of the sun, the dwellers below look up and shout, not to the gilded shaft, but to the lark lost from it in the sky.

So it will be henceforth with the American people. So the cities on the Atlantic will look to the coming Empire of the West.

And when you come there, gentlemen, we will welcome you to the land of sunshine, of silver and of gold, of health and prosperity, the ideal home for the ideal American family. (Applause.)





“*IRRIGATION.*”

BY

HERBERT H. LOGAN.

Those of you who have never seen the desert and arid lands of our western country should imagine something a thousand times more desolate and worthless to all appearance than the sand foot-hills of your Long Island coast; still, unlike these coast sand hills, enormously rich in all the elements that go to make a soil productive, but deficient in moisture to produce vegetation of any character,—lands which it has often been said will support nothing but the jack-rabbit—covered here and there by cacti, sage and grease brush, with occasionally a stunted growth of mesquite. It is to the arid lands of Arizona that I wish to especially call your attention.

Irrigation transforms, makes over and creates out of this desolate waste a country more beautiful, more grand and more productive than any other part of God's earth. It makes possible the creation of ideal homes. Imagine for a moment land, twenty acres of which will, in a few years, make the farmer independent; that will, after three to five years cultivation, bring him an income of three, four and often five thousand dollars per year; a land that produces every fruit grown outside of the tropics to perfection, where the farmer can pick from his garden the peach from the 20th of May to the first of January, and where all other fruits develop and reach a perfection only known to a Southern or semi-tropical climate. What is true of the peach is true of the pear, the apricot, the prune, the fig, the nectarine, the pomegranate, the grape, the walnut, the almond, the orange, lemon and lime. A land where the orange can be had fresh from the tree every morning in the year, where the strawberry can be grown and will produce out of doors 12 months in

succession; with a climate reaching almost perfection; where there are eight months as perfect as the most beautiful part of your May and October; a country of almost perpetual sunshine; where the Signal Service for a period of ten years gives an average of 340 days without a cloud in sight; where there are four of the summer months with a heat so dry that it is not oppressive, but giving that perfect development to its products, which is really the wealth of the country; where barley produces sixty bushels to the acre, wheat forty bushels, and alfalfa eight tons to the acre annually, and is pastured from November until March; where there are horses and cattle that reach an early development unknown to any but the southern climates, where they are sleek and fat and live upon the green feed twelve months in succession; where there are colts at four months old that often weigh nine hundred pounds; where two years gives as perfect a development as three in the more northern sections; where frequently land under cultivation for three years, costing originally less than \$100 per acre will produce for all time a net income of \$200 an acre and upwards; where the profit from the orange and the lemon, the peach, apricot, pear, grape and fig is sufficient upon ten acres to support in affluence a family of five persons; where these fruits are produced from four to six weeks earlier than in any other point in the United States; a country where, had our Pilgrim Fathers found their Plymouth Rock there, this Atlantic coast would be to-day a wilderness, and roaming over it would be the native red-man. (Applause.)

The early canals that commenced the development of these valleys were farmers' canals, built on a co-operative plan, not for profit but by the users of the water. These canals were built along the lower or river-bottom lands and covered usually a few hundred, or at most a few thousand, acres. The water system of to-day means the building of great canals that take the water from the mountains and cover the more valuable foot-hill and upper mesa lands; this is the work of capital. This is being done, and with great profit. The great Arizona canal, begun in the early eighties, forty-two miles in length, thirty-six feet wide on the bottom, fifty-eight feet wide on top, carrying seven and a half feet of water, or forty-six thousand miner's inches, and irrigating about one hundred thousand acres of land, completed in January, 1887, costing a

little less than \$600,000, has created a value of forty dollars per acre, or over \$4,000,000. Of the older canals, when I first visited this country in 1883, the stock was selling at two and three hundred dollars per share; I have since seen paid two and three thousand dollars for the same stock. In the Great Salt River Valley there are now, covered by the water system, about three hundred thousand acres of land and some thirteen main canals, aggregating about three hundred miles in length, and some six thousand miles of lateral ditches, which have cost about two million dollars, and have created a value of upwards of nine millions. In the Great Salt and Gila River Valleys and their tributaries about 250 miles in length, and with an average width of about twelve miles, there are about 2,000,000 acres of land susceptible of irrigation. To develop the necessary water-system and prepare it for settlement requires the expenditure of probably upwards of twenty millions of dollars—which will create a value of over \$200,000,000—and Arizona and her people are going into the markets of the world to raise that money, develop these lands and furnish homes for a million people.

I would not for one moment lead you to suppose that this is the only irrigated country of value, but I do make the statement boldly, and without fear of contradiction, that it is the richest and most productive of all the arid regions, and Arizona and her citizens extend to the rustling, bustling, energetic people of the Atlantic coast a cordial invitation to investigate her resources, and, to such as would better their condition, an invitation to abide with us and help us develop that great and magnificent territory into one of the richest states in the Union. And in behalf of our people I assure you that, should you visit this, the promised land, the garden of the world, the home of sunshine and silver, you will receive a hearty welcome. (Applause.)





"THE WEST AS AN EASTERNER LOOKS AT IT."

BY

HON. JOSEPH C. HENDRIX.

Born in a log cabin, erected by a near relative of Daniel Boone, in the adjoining county in Missouri to that which St. Clair McKelway referred as his birthplace, raised on hog and hominy, a child of the corn-field and the companion of squirrels, you will readily see how appropriate is my selection to respond to a toast calling for a view of the West from an Eastern standpoint. (Laughter.)

We have had some remarkable stories told here to-night about the Great West, and I have but to present a flash-light photograph of the expression which your faces wore as you listened to them, to reproduce an impression which persists with Eastern people in respect to the far West, namely, an expression of awe, of wonder and of admiration, slightly tinged with incredulity. This Great West, which now deserves the name, seems as remote from the civilization on the banks of my old Missouri River as it does from the whirl of the great metropolis in and about which we live. It would require a keen analysis and a refined power of generalization to present to you any abstraction of that fine quality of Western character which has created amid great difficulties a civilization special and unique, so strongly American, so buoyant, so undaunted, so conquering, and so unconquerable. We know that a great people is State-building out there. Nevertheless these stories which come from the West are hard to believe. We have to turn them over and over again in our minds to see if they are not filled with the nectar of romance, which, in the revolutions, may spill out. But I suppose seeing must be believing, for we are almost daily thrown into contact with some of our trusted mature and sane citizens, who, after a trip across the plains, come

back infected with the same enthusiasm which the guests of this evening possess in such abundance.

Strange things come out of this far-away country. We have been introduced to one of them in several of the speeches to-night; and although I am assured that there is a wide familiarity, on the part of a number of gentlemen about this board, with every form of reptile, both those of natural history and those born of an excited cerebral condition, I have yet to learn, and I am disposed not to end this evening without being informed, what is the "Gila Monster?" What is its habitat? What is its line of business? Is there a proposition before the house to capitalize it, and if so for how much? (Laughter.) Does it own the secret of this Arizona cocktail which struck us all at the beginning of this feast like one of those blizzards about which we read? If it be human and acquainted with the formula by which this cocktail is made, I beg to place it in nomination for any office within the gift of the people of New York. (Laughter and applause.)

But this is not the only strange thing that comes from the West. The Governor of Arizona has presented to your imagination long rows of mountain tops, each marking a gold or silver mine. We think we know something about western mining from an Eastern standpoint, for from the forests of Maine to the lagoons of Louisiana, this country has been pretty well papered with mining shares, the value of which varies with the fluctuations of the waste-paper market. We think a country ought to be prosperous which has absorbed the amount of money represented by confiding investors in these Western mines. We know a little something about irrigation here. Haven't we been irrigating the stocks which are sold in Wall Street for years and years? (Laughter.) Yet we are gazing to-day upon a market as uninviting as an alkali desert. We can only hope that the irrigating plans of the shorter, but not lesser, Logan may be more fruitful in results. Irrigation in Wall Street hasn't made the rose garden which he promises for it in his country.

But I must mention another strange thing that comes out of the West. Like one of those cyclones, born the good Lord only knows where, and sweeping around in a most eccentric path, doing more or less of mischief and, as far as we are able to learn, no great amount of

good, there comes now and then a financial breeze from mountain height, from valley or from prairie, which, to those of us who stand on the borders, settling exchanges with the old nations of the world, seems most unwelcome. The old Romans were taught to fear the Greeks bearing gifts. About the only fear which we have of Westerners is when they come with their palms crossed with silver, their minds filled with silver, their hearts full of silver, and their appetites on edge for more and for freer silver. Do not wonder if, after listening to your arguments, partaking of your spirit of enthusiasm for your country, confiding in your patriotism, and believing in your honesty, we look with amazement upon the singularity of your views. Remember that we have to deal with the Frenchman, with the German, with the Dutchman and with the Englishman. Remember that while we are not necessarily obliged to turn up the bottoms of our pantaloons because it is raining in London, we are still compelled to keep our finger upon the great financial pulse which beats there, and which must continue to beat there for years to come. It is when we recognize the fact that we have to settle our exchanges with a people across the water who have still an old-fashioned prejudice in favor of gold that we regard with some degree of alarm, with a positive degree of disapproval, and with a potent hopefulness that you will yet see the error of your ways, the craze for a free silver coinage. (Applause.) I will not go into arguments. I merely desire to let these good fellows from the West know just where we stand. We are gold bugs. We are in favor of a gold basis, and we do not desire to see the yellow metal expelled from our finances until the nations of the earth come to recognize the commercial necessity for the adoption of the inferior coin. We are not prepared to cut loose and go it alone. (Applause.)

There is no doubt at all, gentlemen, that we are, to a great degree, provincial, even in New York and Brooklyn, and that we have not the large vision, the fervent courage and the sanguine conviction of our Western friends. When I think of reclaiming the great deserts of Arizona by irrigation, I wonder why we should not begin an enterprise of attracting population to develop the waste places on Long Island, where there is no need of irrigation and where there is great need and great space for various forms of human industry. If land speculation is the thing,

why not land speculation about these borders near which land may be purchased not far from the figures at which I am informed many acres of Western lands are being sold.

I join with you all in giving to the Governor of Arizona the assurances of our most distinguished consideration. It does us good to come in contact with the fervid spirit of optimism which he has displayed to us to-night. There is a great deal of Mug-Wump leaving of the reservation about us. Men are carping at things because they say they are not as good as they used to be. Men are doleful, men are doubtful. The fact of it is, gentlemen, that we ought to thank God every hour of the day that we are living in these last years of the Nineteenth Century, surrounded by such sublime influences, in a country so full of hope, bathed by the sunshine of an advancing civilization, radiant with promise for the human race, for freedom, and for the complete government of the people by themselves,

“I do distrust the poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times,
But trundles back his soul five hundred years
Past moat and drawbridge, into Castle Court
To sing.”

Let us believe in to-day. Let the bells peal out, the anthems ring and the chimes cheerily send forth our song of confidence: To-day, To-day, To-day! (Applause.)





"ARIZONA'S ELDER SISTER."

BY

HON. J. DE BARTH SHORB.

Arizona's elder sister extends greetings of love and affection to her younger sister on these Atlantic shores, and bids her God-speed upon her onward march towards a certain and great destiny. May the tie so long uniting us by common hopes and interest strengthen as the days go by—the twin sisters, the Italy and Egypt of America.

I have been asked to give my experience on irrigation in California, and to relate some of the lessons taught by such experience. This subject of irrigation is so wide, so full of inspiration, that it is difficult to wisely determine where to commence and where to end. The cornerstone of the fabric of civilization was not laid in cement and mortar, but upon water itself. A surprising statement at the first glance, and yet we know upon reflection that water is the great non-condensable element, that cannot be made to occupy a lesser space than nature's God allotted it, no matter how great the pressure may be.

The first king of the oldest dynasty of Egypt, Menes, who ruled over the lives and destinies of that people and nation, rose to that position from the fact that he had constructed and put into successful operation the first irrigating canal. Upon the completion of this work, which made men no longer to be the sport of the seasons; which made it possible that the hopes of yesterday should not be blighted by the realities of to-day; civilization took its start. The certainty of support, the certainty of supplying the demand for bread and butter, gave time for reflection, and the opportunity to man to look above him and consider what he was and what he might become. The rising of the dog star Sirius, which was coincident with the annual inundation of the Nile, established the first recorded form of religion, namely, the worship of the stars. Then followed quickly the science of mathematics and the use of trigonometry,

made necessary in order to re-establish the lines that had been destroyed by the deposit of the overflowing Nile. With the production of wealth caused by abundant crops, came the building of the pyramids and the establishing of the great temples of the gods. These were but monuments to men's weakness and vanity, and although time is placing its withering hand upon them, the fertility of Egypt's soil remains unchanged, and to-day it is as fertile as it was six thousand years before the Christian Era. And it may not improbably be that some one in the far future, when thousands more of years are added to age of this earth, shall say the same of the irrigable lands of California and Arizona. What God has done in Egypt by His own wonderful hand, He is now calling upon man to do in California and Arizona.

The time or occasion does not permit of any extended history of irrigation in California, but, as a sample of the whole, let me picture to you my own San Gabriel Valley, now the richest valley in all California, as it was and as it is. I remember well in the early sixties, that standing on the hill on which my home is now located, looking back of me towards the high Sierras, over the plains where Pasadena is now located, and then looking in front of me over the valley of San Gabriel towards the broad Pacific, there were but three or four houses to be seen, besides the little village which surrounded the old mission. Over this entire territory a few small orchards of oranges and lemons, a few circumscribed acres of vines, were all that bespoke man's interference or enterprise. I saw some straggling herds of cattle, whose long and wide-spreading horns suggested instantaneous flight rather than closer scrutiny, and a few scattered herds of sheep whose tread caused the dust to rise in volumes almost sufficient to obscure the sun. And this was all!

Now looking over the same territory from my piazza, what do I see? Thousands of homes of contented people, the lofty spires of churches, numerous school-houses of large proportions, thousands of acres of well-cultivated orchards and vineyards, a scene of peace, happiness and cultivation. The magic wand that has produced this wonderful change, like Aladdin's Palace, is Irrigation, with its fructifying waters. At the time I refer to perhaps the entire income derived from the San Gabriel Valley, comprising 200 square miles of territory, did not exceed \$50,000.

A greater income than that is now derived from one hundred acres of carefully-cultivated orchards. When I first commenced my irrigating enterprises, land in the San Gabriel Valley was worth not more than an average of eight dollars an acre; now their value is \$200 an acre for land having no water, and \$500 an acre for irrigated lands. (Applause.) Since I came East a tract of 200 acres without water has been sold at a cash price of \$300 an acre. From these lands a revenue is derived more than sufficient to justify these prices. All this is solely the result of scientific irrigation.

What has been done in the valley of San Gabriel, famous now over almost all the world, can be accomplished in the valleys of the Gila River and the Salt River of Arizona. In these valleys are opportunities for carving out a great many San Gabriel Valleys, equalling, if not surpassing it; and this judgment is based upon a careful study of all their conditions of soil, climate and water. The soil is the same; for the greater part of the year the climate is the same; and the water supply of these so-called desert plains of Arizona is far greater than the water-supply of Southern California, with which these wonderful results have been accomplished. In one canal alone, the Arizona Canal, there now flows more water than all Southern California possesses south of the Tehichipa mountain.

There under a kindly sun for the largest portion of the year, with a soil as fertile as the Delta of the Nile, all the products of the temperate and semi-tropical climates find a genial home. Wheat of surprising whiteness and excellence; barley capable of producing the finest ale; rye and oats, alfalfa, the orange, lemon and fig, the date, and olive, and the vine; all flourish in a surprising splendor, which discounts all the enthusiasm of horticulture or agriculture elsewhere. In the growth of the vine and its consequent production of wines we meet here conditions like those which make Spain famous for its sherries, and Portugal for its ports.

The utilization of all the unrivaled possibilities of these twin sisters, California and Arizona, the Italy and Egypt of America, and the consequent creation of a wealth almost impossible to conceive, must bring forth a civilization as great as the world has ever known and as lasting as the universe itself. (Applause.)



"IRRIGATION AND THE PRESS."

BY

ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY.

Mr. President and gentlemen:—In the hour and a half which has been allotted to me (laughter and applause) I hope to make an able, and, in a double sense, an exhaustive address. I know that I am talking against the ribaldry of those in front and the ceramic clamor of the waiters in the rear; but, nevertheless, nothing shall abate my admiration for the glowing, and as he proceeded, the growing, optimism of Governor Irwin. That man sympathizes with his environment. He was not a pessimist in Iowa. He was hopeful in Idaho. He is confident in Arizona. And he is tumultuously enthusiastic in the Marine and Field Club. (Laughter and applause.) Such a man would be in Rome a Catholic; in Constantinople a Mohammedan; in St. Petersburg a Greek; in Smyrna a Mussulman; and everywhere a jolly good fellow. Now to the merit which he has of being a native of Iowa, I want to add my greater merit of having been born in Missouri. The Mississippi greeted the outlook of his infant eyes; the murmurings of the muddy Missouri composed me to my cradled sleep. I was educated in New Jersey, and perverted in New York. I was redeemed in Albany, and sanctified in Brooklyn. (Laughter and applause.) So my geography is far more versatile even than Irwin's.

I am glad to meet here to-night, among all the other friends, one with whom I met last under peculiar circumstances. I do not refer to the ad interim, the ambiguous, the quasi and doubtful executive of Connecticut, but to the latest, albeit not the last, Democratic governor of that commonwealth, Thomas M. Waller. We have made a compact here to-night. The last time we met was June 24, 1884, in

Albany, at which time we were members of the committee appointed to notify a great Democrat of his nomination for the presidency. We have agreed to meet next year, either at Sandwich, Mass., or in New York City, on Madison Avenue or at 15 William Street. [A voice, "He's moved"]—I mean at 15 Broad Street, and to go through the same ceremony. (Prolonged applause.)

Thus by a gradual process I approach my toast. (Laughter.) It is entitled "Irrigation and the Press." Logan is nothing if not sarcastic. It is just now the object of my life to prove that transactions in water have nothing to do with either office-holders or politics as deterrents; that at most they are errors of the head and not sins of the heart. As to irrigation, having been sitting opposite to Judge Holman of Indiana all the evening I know very little about it.

As to journalism, I will say that, as I have said before, there are two kinds of journalism in this world—journalism and Brooklyn journalism. (Laughter.) The latter is an acquired taste. I have acquired it.

It seems that a New York office lawyer can be the unapprehended Daniel Boone of a new commonwealth, if we are to believe all that Mr. Logan says. In Brooklyn journalism there must be a fitness of men to functions. Mr. Logan, who can't tell which end of a gun the bullet comes out of, and who could not hit a squirrel at eighty yards behind Creedmoor sights, is here posing as the Daniel Boone of a territory which a congress of inexcusable political upstarts refuses to admit into the Union. Now to me Mr. Logan has no more right to that title than has Secretary of War Proctor to the title of sculptor, because he owns a marble quarry. An organizer of a canal syndicate, a man who is the arterial font or the active head of a petrified wood factory, cannot pose as a founder of a commonwealth of the future without assuming a posture which bears the character of imposture. However, life is full of surprises. It is the unexpected which always happens, and I was much surprised by the evolution of this Indian, off the Tammany reservation, into a state-builder. Gentlemen, if he was a state-builder he builded more wisely than he knew, until that glowing picture of Governor Irwin's came out to our widening eyes and our amazed ears.

Joking apart and bantering to the background, however, let me say that I think that the testimony which is borne here to the moral greatness and the physical magnitude, to the indomitable courage and the matchless resources, to the wonderful present and to the immeasurable promise of the future of our American nation should inspire us all. Those words are spoken by men who know whereof they speak, who have seen all of which they talk, who are a part, and a large part, of what they tell. It is right that these words should lift us above partisanship and above dissolving lines of difference into a comprehension of our duties as citizens, of our destiny as Americans, and that they should remit to Limbo, to forgetfulness, to nothingness, many of the little problems with which we vex our souls unduly in these times. What is the silver question to the glowing periods of Governor Irwin's tongue? What is the question of the farmers' alliance when Logan proves indisputably that all the founders of the oldest states have passed into oblivion? What is the question of railroad rates against the magnificent distances, the illimitable and innumerable townships and the impassable mountains of Arizona and Colorado! (Applause.) What is the question of water, wanting but not wanted here, when brought into relations with the stupendous fiction of irrigation on which the other and not the lesser Logan will enlarge?

I thank you for your attention, and with battling desires to catch the next train and yet to hear the other speakers I take my seat.





RESPONSE

BY

HON. THOMAS M. WALLER.

Much of the pleasant talk to-night has been of a personal character and full of reminiscence. May I follow in this strain? (A voice, "As much as you like.")

Our host to-night is of my State, and one of the special guests we are here to honor is of my State also. Their father, the Honorable Seth S. Logan, was an associate of mine for many years in the activities of Connecticut politics. As I observe the representative men in every distinguished walk of life who have gathered here about them, I feel a sort of State pride in regard to the positions the sons of my old friend have achieved so early in their battle of life. One of them brings trophies of his energy and success as a pioneer in Arizona, (applause,) and the other enjoys the honors and emoluments of his profession, won in your midst. (Applause.) These they deserve. If not, they have done the next best thing for a Connecticutian,—they have made us think they deserve them. (Laughter.)

Now, Gentlemen, I know nothing about irrigation, the special topic for toasts. There is nothing about this occasion that suggests the usefulness of water. (Laughter.) But I have shared with you the pleasure of listening to the able address of the Governor of Arizona, and have joined with you in applauding his careful statements and his dignified enthusiasm about the fertility of the soil when irrigated, and the richness of the mines when developed, of the territory, to the promotion of whose interests he is so loyally devoted. (Applause.)

The elegant speech of our friend Mr. Hendrix, the popular Ex-Postmaster and the successful President of the Kings County Trust Company

of Brooklyn, delighted us. His wit and humor were so happily blended as to hurt none and please all. He and I are both Democrats and believers in the same cardinal political doctrines of finance and tariff; but the sentiments on the silver question he expresses to-night would not, I regret, be received everywhere within the lines of the Democracy with equal favor, and it is lucky, as he suggests himself, that he is not a candidate on the silver issue for any office in a silver-producing territory or state.

I do not think our friends from the West need be much alarmed at the attitude either party takes in New York at present on the silver issue. When the Democratic party comes together in their great National Convention in 1892 to nominate the President and to formulate a platform, the local differences of opinion on the silver issue will have to be adjusted. They will concoct at that great gathering (this table furnishes the simile) a financial punch of many mixtures, something will be poured into it from the East, something from the West, and something from the South, and this decoction Mr. Hendrix and I and all other good Democrats will take without blinking, and pronounce it good. (Laughter.) We have done so before, and we can do it again. (Laughter.) There is nothing mean about us. (Applause.)

Our political opponents will undoubtedly waste much of their time in demonstrating our inconsistency on this "local issue;" but while they are doing this we will be exposing their wickedness on the tariff issue, and this will be really the only substantial issue of the next presidential campaign. Our party can afford to be inconsistent on silver, if they are victorious on the tariff. (Laughter.)

While my friend Hendrix in his excellent humor was telling of the vast number of mining certificates of stock floating on the market and paying no dividends, the Governor of Arizona in a whisper said to me, "You must defend mining industries from this facetious attack," and, as Governors ought to stand by one another, I promised to do it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hendrix does honor to the energy, ability and progress of the West, but he thinks that the East is an awful sufferer from an over-issue of mining stock. This is undoubtedly so. Some of us have had painful experience in the matter, but the fault is not with the West,—the certifi-

cates are not made at the mines nor by the miners ; the certificates are made in Wall Street, and lawyers, brokers, and financiers and Trust Companies are responsible. While I was in England, I knew of an enterprise that was brought there by an American and sold for twenty thousand pounds. The purchasers floated it upon the market for more than ten times that amount. Was it the innocent American who was to blame for the inordinate inflation ? Is it the Western explorer or miner, selling his discovery and property at a reasonable price, or the Eastern financier multiplying a thousand times the price, and so putting it upon the market, who is responsible for the disaster that follows the too much irrigated scheme ? Will our friend Mr. Hendrix answer the conundrum ? (Laughter.)

I was a very small boy away back in '49 when gold was discovered in California ; but I remember that the papers I was then selling (the *Sun*, *Tribune* and *Morning Star*) on the streets of New York were so filled with accounts of the discovery of mountains of gold, that I thought gold would not be worth a cent, and, with this apprehension, instead of going with the *Star* of Empire westward, I went to Connecticut. I went there as to a reformatory school, thinking that when I was good enough I would return to New York and become a New York politician. I have stayed there a good while. I have got over the notion that the influx of gold will destroy the financial system of the world, and I have come to the belief that this country can stand a good deal more American silver in coin.

I have returned to New York, but only to do business, not to be a politician. I have had some temptation to step into the political waters here, but I have resisted it. I am satisfied that a longer probation is necessary. I am not good enough yet. (Laughter.)

The success of Mr. Logan, our host, who has never wandered like myself from the path of his profession into the wilderness of politics, convinces me that I have given to politics all the time I can afford. (Applause.)



"THE LAWYER AS A BUSINESS MAN."

BY

HORACE E. DEMING.

The lawyer and the physician have been the butt of play-writers and novelists from time immemorial; the former as a pettifogger, the latter, quack; the one sharp, shrewd, deceitful, but a pitifully small creature, the other equally deceitful but more pompous and opinionated.

In actual life the lawyer and the physician have alike gained somewhat in popular appreciation, but the old traditions still linger, and you will still hear too frequently, from otherwise well-bred and intelligent men, expressions of opinion in regard to lawyers and their calling, as if it were only sharp, unscrupulous men, finding their own prosperity in the troubles and adversities of their neighbors, who constituted the mass of the legal profession. The popular idea of a lawyer is still that of a tonguey, unscrupulous fellow, or it may be, of a man with great but perverted gifts, who spends his life in making the worse appear the better reason. And it has become a popular adage that any business with which a lawyer is connected or of which he has the management is doomed to failure.

I do not propose to defend or vindicate the lawyer here to-night, but my toast has set going a train of thought so exactly the reverse of one of the traditional notions in regard to lawyers that I propose to make it the subject of the few remarks which I shall make. I maintain that the successful lawyer of to-day is the most successful and able business man of his time. I do not mean this in the hum-drum trading sense. A great lawyer is a poor trader, but he is quick to seize upon the principles and laws that underlie and control great business operations, and his advice and assistance is more sought to adjust business difficulties, to direct great enterprises, than to conduct litigation or bring law-suits.

You must bear in mind that it is only within a comparatively recent

period that "business" has been anything but traders' work. Business as a science, directed and conducted by master-minds along the lines of a broad and far-seeing policy, is a modern development, and as a natural consequence of this development the great law firms have become the confidential advisers and quasi-partners of hundreds of our most important business houses. Men with legal training and practice are the successful managers of many of our most important business enterprises, are sought for as directors of our great corporations; and in every venture where the power of initiative, or the tactful and efficient management, on a large scale, of men of means are needed, the lawyer finds his opportunity. To create a corner in wheat, to manipulate the stock market, to measure cotton cloth or weigh out sugar and coffee, you need no lawyer, but in the management of great railroads, the consolidation and handling efficiently of great manufacturing interests, the founding and developing of new states, the lawyer is in his element.

And just as in the old days, little by little, wager of battle was replaced by trial by jury, and a militant civilization gave way to a civilization of law and order—in brief the lawyer triumphed—so in more recent times, as commerce and industry have become more and more the characteristics of our advancing civilization, the position and prosperity of the lawyer as a business expert have become more and more assured. He knows not one business merely, but the principles of many businesses. His policy is not narrowed by a myriad of complicating details of a particular business, nor his perception dulled by the myriad pettinesses of daily routine; but he knows the general laws to which the business must conform, the kind of management which must win. His vision is broad, his judgment catholic, and he has the immense advantage of working for the interests of others.

The successful lawyer of modern times *must* be a good business man. The opportunities for the Storys and Choates and Wirts are fewer and fewer. The interests of the new age have created a new demand, and the demand has created a supply in the form of active, alert, clear-ideaed and clear-headed men who will be in the forefront of the civilization of to-day as they have been among the champions of liberty and promoters of peace since history began.



"THE MINES OF THE WEST."

BY

LINDLEY VINTON.

When the European first set foot upon this continent he found a people living by the chase, by such fruits and grain as were the spontaneous production of the soil or the return of the rudest agriculture. Among these people was no knowledge of mineral wealth, nor did they know of the fashioning of metals. It was only when the adventurous searcher for gold had passed the western slopes that he found the highest civilization of the continent. In Peru, in Central Mexico, and in that Northern Mexico, extending from what is now Chihuahua to the slopes of the Mogollon mountains, were found three separate peoples, varying in their customs, but all showing the highest civilization. Their government was a truer socialism than has ever been attained by any of the modern peoples; and their actual life, considering the material knowledge of the time, a higher and purer socialism than has ever been dreamed of by Bellamy. In each of these countries the cupidity of the Spaniard saw not the higher civilization the people had attained, nor did he see their development of the agricultural resources of their several countries, but only the riches of gold and silver beyond the dreams of the wildest of the adventurers. Not only were the peoples of these countries alike in their government, but alike the agriculture of the lands was conducted entirely by systems of irrigation. Lying in the tropic countries, the rain-fall of the year was so distributed that nature withheld her water when the growing crop needed it most.

They were further alike in that they had each a knowledge of the precious metals and an appreciation of their value. In these communi-

ties, living by themselves, isolated from the world, gold and silver were known as the precious metals just as in those lands where they had already become the symbols of value and the medium of commerce.

Of the three, by far the richest in natural resources was that Northern Mexico, of which the better part came to us in 1847. It was from this district that the Spaniard poured the golden and silver flood into the Mother Country by the shipload, making her the richest country of the earth.

In those early days the washing and separation of the finer gold was unknown. Their methods of working the mineral from the vein were crude and slow. The gold of the country was the nugget picked up from the river or from the gravel after the rain had exposed it to view. But the ancients only scratched the surface; their successors, the Jesuits, when the church took possession of all this mineral wealth, following further, have barely opened the mines. As the arid desert of that land yields its fruit only after the hand of man has changed the face of nature, equally does it seem that nature has jealously guarded the mineral wealth of this whole country. True the Aztecs, and following them the Jesuit priests, and in our later days the Indian, had gathered fabulous wealth from the surface. On Antelope hill four prospectors, stumbling on to an unexplored field found in four days 1,200 pounds of gold on the surface of the ground. True, the single territory of Arizona stands to-day the fifth of the States and Territories of the Union in its production, but the vast wealth not only of Arizona, but of Chihuahua, of New Mexico, and of that whole general region which constituted the old Northern Mexico, lies waiting until the modern skill of man shall attack with larger powers the obstacles that hold her wealth from our grasp.

In modern mining, water and power are two factors which must be considered equally with gold or silver. The richest mines of this country lie in sections remote from water and from coal, surrounded by the desert where timber cannot grow. In the mountains or in the valley near-by may be the stream which will furnish the water and the power which are the blood and life of the mine.

Under such circumstances capital must be called upon. Large sums of money must be spent in the preparation for the work. The rivers

must be dammed and water brought down for hydraulic mining or carried to the wheel, and the power carried over the electric wire to dig the shafts and crush the ore. The mining must no longer be the work of a few individuals seeking to make their fortunes from nothing, but it must become like manufacturing, a field for the employment of capital, in which capital shall seek not a speculative, but a certain return. When these problems are attacked with modern skill and modern means, the power which yesterday was miles from the mine to-day lies at its mouth; the claim which the ancients abandoned becomes to-day a mine of wealth.

If the capital of the East and the men with modern ideas are to be interested in this country, they must know that the government is to be stable and honest. The character of the people who are now going into these gardens of which our friends have told you to-night and the character of our honored guest, the governor, are the guarantee that Arizona will be a state where honest enterprise will be welcomed and protected.





"LEGISLATION FOR THE TERRITORIES."

BY

HON. JOHN DE WITT WARNER.

I am pleased to be assured by the depth at which I find my toast buried in the list that you expect very little legislation for Arizona this evening. I am especially glad of this, since it is only after hearing those who preceded me that I have appreciated how much was needed, the appalling total being hinted at in the concise and comprehensive suggestion of our host that it would be the privilege of Congress to do whatever nature had left undone to perfect Arizona and her people.

It has been my intention to deprecate any attempt to succeed where Providence had failed. But the remarks of the distinguished guests from that State have demonstrated that the Arizona question has a silver lining, not to say a copper bottom; and that it differs from that other region, which from all eternity has clamored for irrigation, in that it has both water and good society. And, as I understand it, these only need to be introduced to each other to make the desert blossom as the rose, burgeon like the bay tree, and ripen golden apples each month—to be served up in pictures of silver by the words, fitly spoken, of the home-returning Logan.

It is our theory of government—it is mine at any rate—that Congress should interfere as little as possible with the local affairs of our citizens. This plan has two great recommendations—it is easier for Congress; it is better for everybody else. It is applicable, however, only when the responsibility can be thrown on other shoulders, and the people concerned are given liberty to work out their own salvation or irrigation, as the case may be.

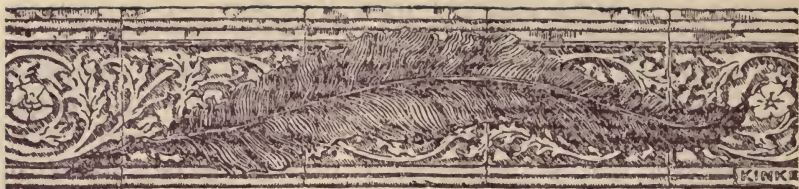
The case of the territories, however, is a different one. Denying

them the right to legislate for themselves, we are bound so to legislate for them as to justify the guardianship we retain, and to give a good example to those states which we have allowed to set up their own establishments. And, therefore, not less carefully and particularly than the legislature of a sovereign state considers the wishes and provides for the weal of its citizens, is Congress bound to legislate for the local concerns and provide for the welfare of the dwellers in our territories.

Don't for a moment consider this as a pledge. It is about the last thing I expect we shall do. But it would be inexcusable should I destroy the unities and break the harmony of this genial gathering by sparing suggestions of philanthropy and statesmanship.

And I can assure my host and his distinguished guests that we will courageously tackle the great work of aiding them to do all that has been left undone for Arizona; and that we will approach the duty in the grateful reverence of the Cid, who was wont, as you will recall, whenever a particularly desperate encounter was before him to drop upon his knees and thank the Almighty that he had been thought worthy to have so great a job reserved for him. We will gladly permit her to borrow money from any one who will trust her, we will encourage her in the use of all the water she can find by climbing or digging, until in the crystal stream which shall supersede the Arizona cocktail shall be washed away those visions of nameless monsters, the reports of which have ruined the reputation of the Gila pet; and recalling her glorious motto of "Sunshine and Silver" we will do our best to see that it does not degenerate into "Silver and Moonshine."





"PROMOTING AS A FINE ART."

BY

SALTER S. CLARK.

In responding to this sentiment, I feel that I can appreciate the feelings of the cashier who at a directors' dinner was seriously asked to respond to "Larceny in the first degree." Our friend, Gov. Irwin, remarked to me that if he had been given that toast he would have taken the first train home.

Now of the finesse of promoting I know nothing and have nothing to say. I never was a good fisherman. I never knew whether stock at twenty-five or bonds at fifty made the best bait for flat fish — never learned the difference between a fly and a flier — never felt the pull of the hungry but gamey investor. I have left all these things to my friend Mr. Vinton.

But, seriously, I think we sometimes fail to do full justice to the promoter. He has some good points. By promoters I do not mean the thieves who assume that title. There are thieves in every trade ; and there is more thieving in stock after success than during its promoted period. Outside of the thieves there are of course promoters and promoters ; but I am referring to the only kind I have come in close contact with, viz., the kind that keeps its stock, and stays in until the end. It is appropriate to try and find good points in a promoter at an Arizona dinner, for did you ever see a man from Arizona that was not a promoter ? They must catch it from their air.

In one of the recent magazines is a good short story, by I forget whom, in which there figure two characters, a Spanish Grandee and an American Colonel. The former is represented as a rich, keen, self-contained, entirely sophisticated, business man, who has come to New York

on business connected with a new tramway company, which is to lay a tramway in some city of Spain. The other is a tall, smooth, plausible, talking fellow, somewhat out at elbows, whose occupation by day is the selling to fools of worthless shares in ridiculous corporations, and by night cheating at the card-table. The Colonel is perhaps the popular, he is at least the theatrical, idea of the promoter. But the theatre must have strong color, and therefore frequently gives us wrong color. Take the book agent. Some of the best, ablest and most modest men I know, are or have been book canvassers, men whom it is a pleasure to talk with about the books they are selling—men whom it is an honor to know.

In the first place the promoter is a man the world cannot do without. We honor him sufficiently when success arrives, why not before? Large enterprises are the boast of our civilization. Large enterprises rest upon large combinations of capital, are impossible without. But you never heard of such an enterprise succeeding without the services of a promoter. Archimedes with his lever long enough could move the world, but no matter how long the lever, the world could not be moved without an Archimedes to bring the parts together and apply the power. Promoting is causing things to move, but things do not move without a mover; least of all that laziest of all things, money in the bank.

Columbus going from one king to another, begging the investment of a small sum in some ships in which to sail around a flat world was only a promoter. Fulton, Stephenson, and many others who could be named, without coming to the living, were as much promoters as they were inventors; and their inventions would never have been heard of if it had not been for their promoting efforts. A promoter is a proselyter, a preacher. St. Paul was one of the greatest promoters, and not at all a modest one. I have seen preachers who were as anxious for their own promotion as for the spread of the Gospel.

Again the promoters give to the world its most vivid and useful example of energy and perseverance. Have you ever tried to float a new company? Have you ever tried to put value into strips of paper you have printed yourself? Do you know how near to the edge of failure the most meritorious enterprise may come, and how long it may stay there? I have some friends who have done it with a Mexican mine.

Bancroft Li

The faith and energy that move mountains is not enough to keep investors moving. And usually it all depends on the energy of one man.

Another respect in which the popular idea is wrong is that the promoters' stock in trade must be lies and lies, and nothing else. Honesty in prospectuses, truth in reports, sincerity, simplicity—they are plain old things, but I am convinced that they are the best stock in trade for the promoter. Perhaps there are those who have not ascended to that higher sphere of promoting—but I have seen it tried, and I am convinced that, whether there is any other or not, this is a trade in which honesty is really the best policy.

But of all places, Arizona must have naught to say against promoters. When "Arizona As It Is" shall have become "Arizona As It Will Be," let us hope that her promoters, her missionaries to the East, to whom she will owe it all, will get their due in honor and substance. And I do not fear about the latter, for I believe the promoter usually sees to that himself, often in advance.





“BEAR VALLEY.”

BY

CHARLES N. JUDSON.

Two things make Bear Valley, in Southern California, worthy of attention. The first is its peculiar character as an engineering enterprise, and second is its immediate connection with the successful working out of the irrigation problem.

Bear Valley is situated in the San Bernardino Mountains, some twelve miles as the crow flies from Colton on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and some fifty miles in a direct line from the port of San Diego on the Pacific. It forms the head waters of the Santa Anna River, which, debouching from the mountain range upon the head of the San Bernardino Valley, runs (or would run, if it were not used up in irrigation) in a somewhat irregular course to the ocean. Until within the past decade this San Bernardino Valley contained a somewhat limited area of irrigated lands, watered by the Santa Anna River. It will be readily understood that the natural flow of this river is very much reduced in the dry season, and that the largest amount of land capable of being irrigated is measured by the largest amount of water at the minimum flow. So that the acreage of tillable land was small and of inconsiderable importance in the great fruit-producing state.

A New-Haven-educated boy conceived the idea that the waters of the Santa Anna River might be stored at its source in the winter, the time of flood, and let loose to do the business of irrigation when needed. He constructed a dam at the most available place in the mountains. This dam was built upon the theory that the pressure of water upon a dam might be met just as a bridge is supported by an arch upon its piers; and so it was built. Experienced men doubted the success of the plan,

but events have shown that it was not ill-conceived ; and the result has been that, by means of gates, flumes, and pipes, sufficient water has been stored and properly distributed to irrigate thousands of acres where before only hundreds had been irrigated.

The value of this irrigation is well brought out by the history of a litigation before the United States Land Office. Early in the eighties, one E. G. had pre-empted land under the Homestead Act (160 acres in the Valley). This land at that time appeared to be substantially valueless. At any rate, so much so that no man had previously thought it worth while to pre-empt. E. G. was a bachelor, and while he was obliged to live on his claim, *i. e.*, have a house, furniture, and sleep there, he needed somebody to cook for him, and so boarded at the only other house within several miles. At that time the irrigation scheme had just begun to bud in the minds of E. G. and his fellow-adventurers. The land in the neighborhood had given no more signs of its possible future than Coney Island 20 years ago ; and other than E. G.'s shanty and his plowed field, and his boarding house, there wasn't a sign of domestic life, or agriculture, or of commerce for several miles. But a little water thrown upon the land demonstrated its possibilities, and awakened envious thoughts. So one fine day an adventurous nomad proceeded to "jump" E. G.'s claim, *i. e.*, to locate upon it himself, under the claim that E. G. was not a bona-fide homesteader. Hence, arose a dispute in the Land Office which, after the ordinary methods of litigation, consumed several years in its march and finally reached the Commissioner, who decided against E. G., substantially on the ground that the Homestead Act was not intended to allow city lots to be taken up as homesteads. In other words, in the three or four years which had intervened between the original pre-emption of E. G. and the decision of the Land Office, the irrigated county had grown so fast and had become so valuable that what was originally considered not worth taking, was worth from \$500 to \$1,000 an acre. This tract is now in the centre of the City of Redlands. To speak more precisely in years, in 1878-9 there was not a house upon this tract ; in 1891 the *Citrograph*, a weekly paper published at Redlands, reports the number of scholars attending school from that district alone as upwards of four hundred. It may be

said here that the Land Office finally reversed itself on the further showing, that at the time E. G. pre-empted the land in question there was no city about it, and that the place had in the intervening time simply made a phenomenal growth.

To sum up the matter, and to show what irrigation can accomplish, it is sufficient to say that upon a tract of land utterly without inhabitants, without a single building, and without apparent capacity to produce even the cactus, there has in ten years grown to be a city of more than five thousand people, and land which was then worth nothing, or at most a dollar or two an acre, is now worth from one to two thousand dollars.

The deduction from all this is plain: If the capacities of Arizona and its irrigating facilities can in any way be compared with those of Southern California and Bear Valley, all that has been said about it by its governor and the brother of our host is not one word too much.





“THE GILA MONSTER.”

BY

PROF. GEORGE A. TREADWELL.

You have heard enough of the beauties of Arizona. Let me cool you off with one of the horrors.

The Gila Monster (*heloderma horridum*) is a lizard, and belongs to a very old family, being one of the Saurian tribe of the Jurassic period, a race fast becoming extinct. Neglected in the deserts of Arizona, he first became known some years ago when I had the pleasure of introducing him to the scientific world. Like other members of old and neglected families his juice has grown sour with age ; he is the only member of the lizard tribe which is poisonous.

The Gila Monster usually grows to fifteen or eighteen inches in length and three inches across the back, weighing from five to seven pounds. The head resembles that of a large snake, while the body is puffed out into a big pouch which touches the ground even when the animal is standing erect on its four black legs, that measure about four inches in height. The tail is from five to seven inches in length and about one and one-half inches in diameter, being the same size throughout and terminating abruptly.

The color of our pleasant little friend is like that of the rattlesnake, black figured on yellow. The entire body is covered with a very hard, bead-like scale, and the eyes look just like jet black beads. The mouth is large and strong and black ; having a tongue of the same hue, flat and forked. The teeth, set not very close together, are about half an inch in length, very slim and sharp, and having curious fissures, at the base of which there are small dents or openings from which the saliva flows.

Its motions are slow and sluggish ; in this respect differing entirely from the lizard tribe in general. It is a slow traveller, and drags its heavy tail, leaving a trail, which in a sandy soil is easy to follow along the ground to its hiding place, usually under a low bush. If you feel so inclined, you can easily and safely capture it, by quickly seizing it by the neck, as it cannot turn its head far enough to bite a handy gripper.

Many have concluded from its sluggishness that it is harmless, but this is a mistake. Sometimes it is not easily provoked ; but at other times it is extremely irritable ; and often when enraged it will attack everything within its reach, hanging on with a vice-like grip. When alarmed, the reptile opens its mouth and darts out its forked tongue as a snake does, hissing like a goose.

But the interest in the *Heloderma* centres in the poison that is supposed to lurk in its bite ; and perhaps no animal has given rise to so many weird and wholly imaginary stories. The Mexicans and Indians go so far as to believe its breath to be virulent, but scientific experiment has so far failed to substantiate this. There is no doubt, however, about the poisonous quality of its peculiar blackish saliva. Drs. Mitchell and Reichert of Philadelphia injected a minute quantity into a live pigeon, which died in nine minutes. A frog, bitten by a Gila Monster which I had sent to Sir John Lubbock, the banker-naturalist of London, in 1882, died in convulsions in a few minutes. This specimen, which was the first live specimen ever in Europe, may have been a little hungry, for he had made the journey to London in a tin box, eating nothing for a month. He is now in the London Zoo. In 1887 a man was bitten at Fairbank, Ariz., but, in spite of speedy medical aid, died the following day. And yet poisoning does not always follow the bite. My friend, Prof. W. E. D. Scott, had one as a pet in his family, until the pet bit the maid, as she was feeding him with raw egg,—the only food the animal will take from the hand of man. I believe she still exists, however.

The poison of the *Heloderma* is alkaline ; that of snakes acidulous. Their physiological action differs also, the former attacking the heart, slowly contracting and paralyzing it, the latter paralyzing the respiratory centres.

Perhaps the addition of some Gila Monster poison to the Arizona cocktail could not have increased the peculiar zest of that combination, as we have tested it to-night ; but I assure you scientifically that it would have rendered us "all petrified, gentlemen—all petrified."

I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for attempting any serious remarks on such an occasion as this.



